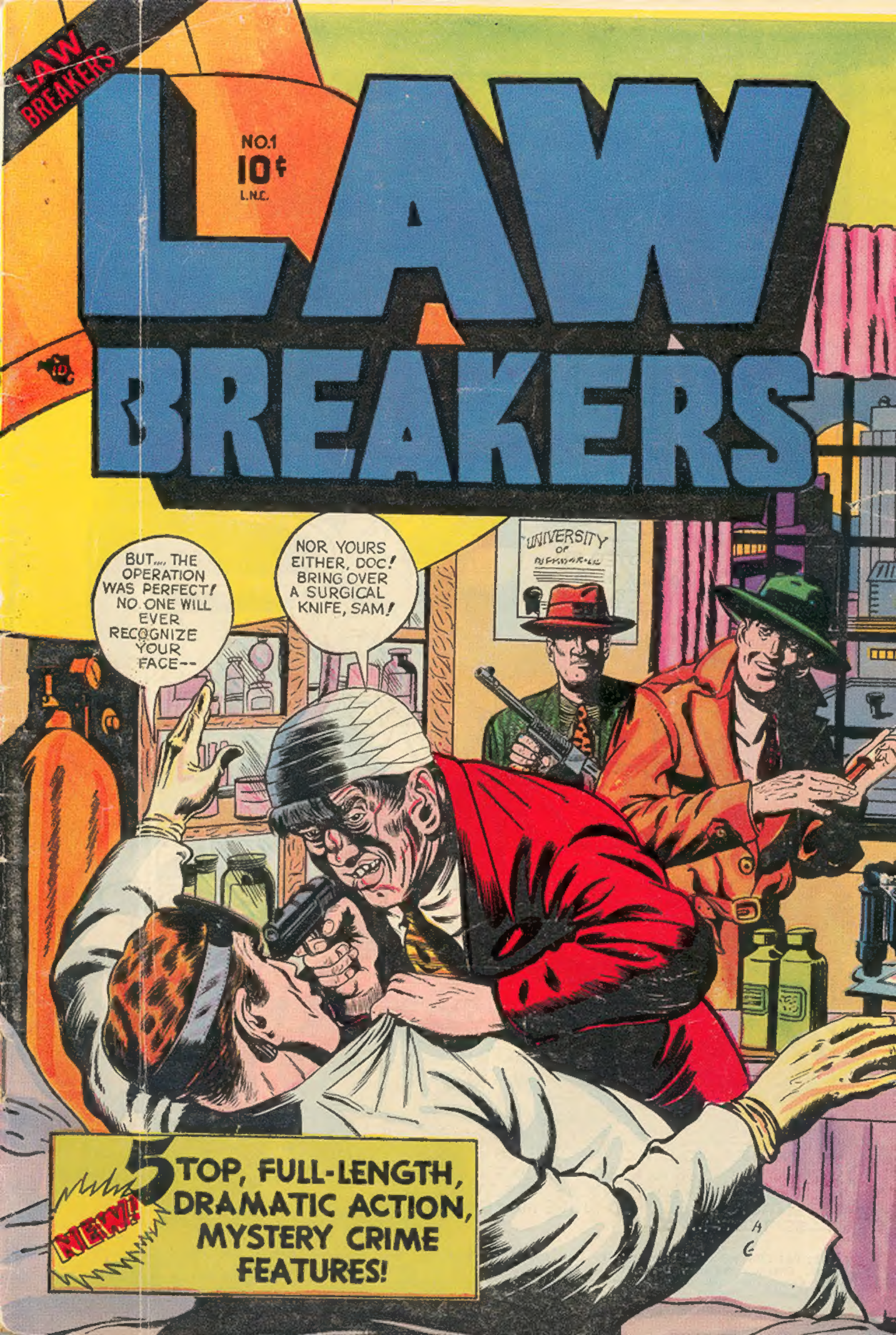
LAW BREAKERS
NO.1
10¢
L.N.C.
LAW BREAKERS
10¢
BUT... THE OPERATION WAS PERFECT! NO ONE WILL EVER RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE--
NOR YOURS EITHER, DOC! BRING OVER A SURGICAL KNIFE, SAM!
UNIVERSITY OF
NEW!
5 TOP, FULL-LENGTH, DRAMATIC ACTION, MYSTERY CRIME FEATURES!

IT'S A CRIME!

A THIEF WHO ATTEMPTED TO LOOT THE POOR BOX IN A CHURCH, WAS FELLED BY A BRICK THAT SLIPPED LOOSE FROM THE WALL.....
IF A CORPSE IS FOUND WITH A PENNY IN HIS HAND-IT MEANS HE HAS DOUBLE-CROSSED THE UNDERWORLD
THE APACHES OF PARIS STARTED THE PRACTICE OF HAVING THEIR WOMEN CARRY THEIR WEAPONS.
S. WINSLOW
HASEN
ONE OUT OF EVERY 42 PERSONS IN THIS COUNTRY HAS BEEN ARRESTED OR HAS A CRIMINAL RECORD.
DURING THE NAPOLEONIC WARS, THIEVES ROAMED THE BATTLEFIELDS AT NIGHT, STEALING THE TEETH OF THE DEAD AND WOUNDED-THESE THEY SOLD TO DENTISTS TO BE USED IN THE MANUFACTURE OF FALSE TEETH.....

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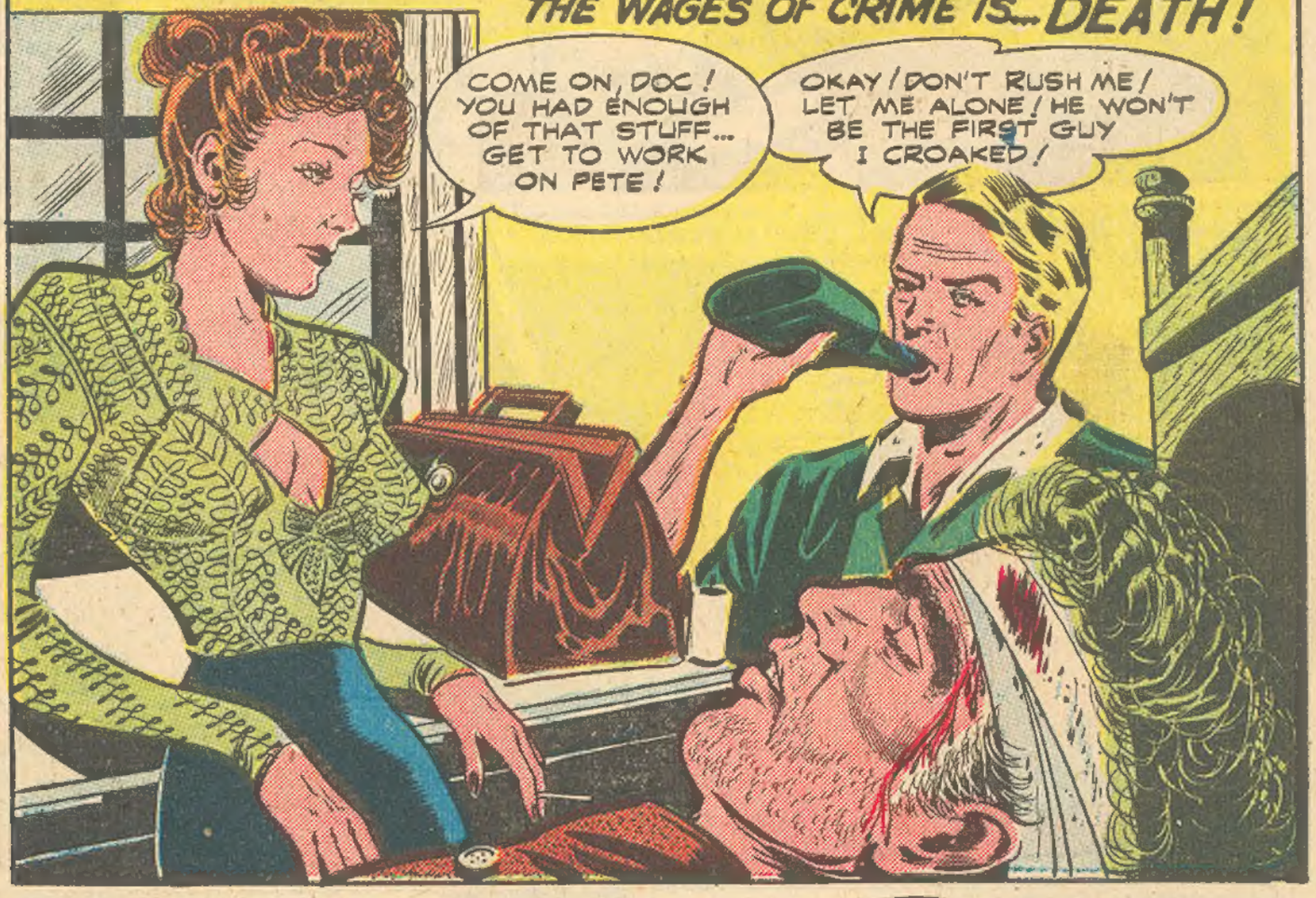
CRIMES DOCTOR

THE SORDID STORY OF....

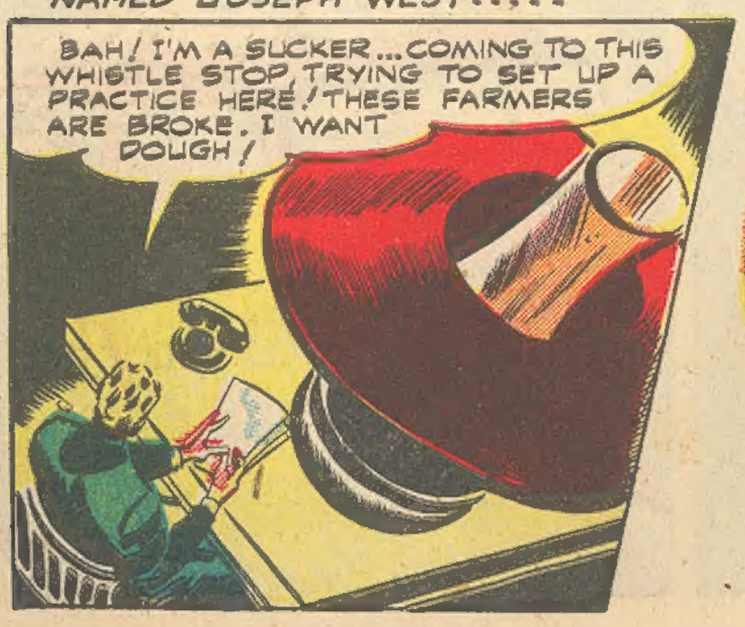
JOSEPH WEST M.D.

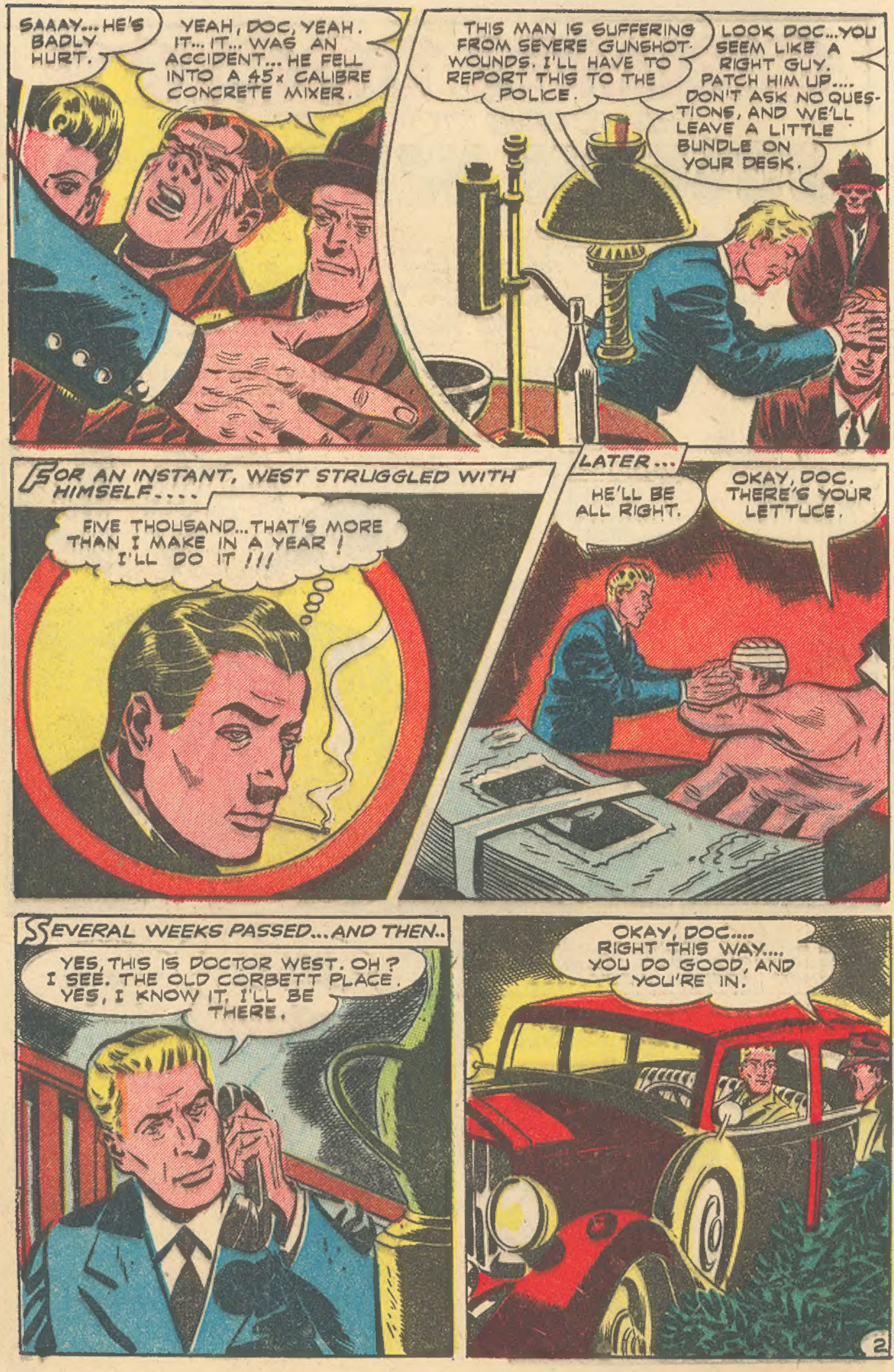
DOCTORS ARE HIGHLY DEDICATED...THEY ARE SWORN TO CURE ILLS AND EASE PAIN..MEDICINE IS AN HONORABLE PROFESSION, BUT THERE ARE SOME WHO FORGET HONOR AND SELF-RESPECT AS DID DR. JOSEPH WEST WHO SOLD HIS CHOSEN PROFESSION FOR MONEY... AND PAID A HIGH PRICE...BUT THAT'S THE STORY...AND IT PROVES THAT....

THE WAGES OF CRIME IS... DEATH!



THE MEDICAL PROFESSION WAS NOT PROFITABLE FOR A YOUNG DOCTOR NAMED JOSEPH WEST.....




SAAAY... HE'S BADLY HURT.
YEAH, DOC, YEAH. IT... IT... WAS AN ACCIDENT... HE FELL INTO A 45x CALIBRE CONCRETE MIXER.
THIS MAN IS SUFFERING FROM SEVERE GUNSHOT WOUNDS. I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS TO THE POLICE.
LOOK DOC...YOU SEEM LIKE A RIGHT GUY. PATCH HIM UP.... DON'T ASK NO QUESTIONS, AND WE'LL LEAVE A LITTLE BUNDLE ON YOUR DESK.
FOR AN INSTANT, WEST STRUGGLED WITH HIMSELF....
FIVE THOUSAND...THAT'S MORE THAN I MAKE IN A YEAR! I'LL DO IT!!!
LATER...
HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
OKAY, DOC. THERE'S YOUR LETTUCE.
SEVERAL WEEKS PASSED...AND THEN..
YES, THIS IS DOCTOR WEST. OH? I SEE. THE OLD CORBETT PLACE. YES, I KNOW IT. I'LL BE THERE.
OKAY, DOC.... RIGHT THIS WAY.... YOU DO GOOD, AND YOU'RE IN.
2

THIS IS DOC WEST.
HE LOOKS LIKE A PUNK. WELL, I GUESS WE CAN'T BE FUSSY. YOU KNOW WHO I AM, QUACK?
YOU'RE SHIEK DUGAN! I KNOW YOU ALL RIGHT! YOU CHEAP HOODLUM!
TAKE IT EASY, DOC...RELAX... SHIEK DON'T LIKE TO BE CALLED NAMES!
DON'T LET'S GET EXCITED. TAKE IT EASY, LIKE PEARLY SAYS. DOC...THERE'S THIRTY GRAND WAITING FOR YOU, IF YOU CAN HELP ME OUT OF THE JAM I'M IN. THE G-MEN ARE ON MY TAIL.... AND I HAVE TO SHAKE THEM.
PLASTIC SURGERY, EH? OKAY. BUT....IT'LL COST YOU FORTY THOUSAND. I CAN DO THE JOB TOMORROW, RIGHT HERE.
THE NEXT DAY....
CHEEZ, DOC.... YOU'RE DRINKING LIKE A FISH!
THAT, MY FRIEND, IS MY BUSINESS. DUGAN WILL HAVE A NEW FACE. NOW BRING ME BOILING WATER. THE INSTRUMENTS MUST BE STERILIZED.
ARE YOU READY, DUGAN?
CARVE AWAY, DOC.
3

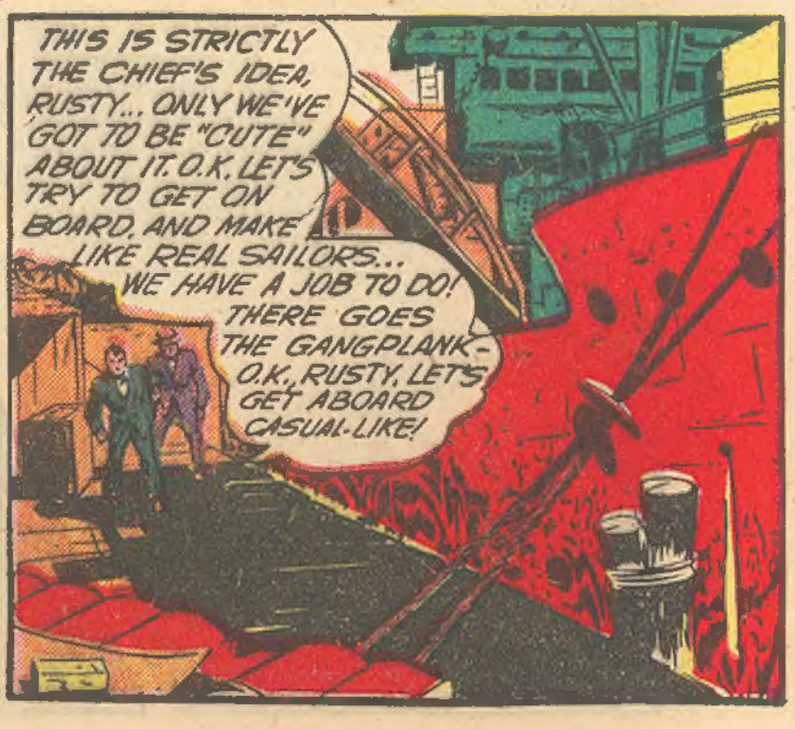
UGH...WHAT A MESS!!!
CHEEZ, HE'S MAKING HAMBURGER OUTTA SHIEK'S FACE.
SOON.....
OKAY, I'LL BE BACK IN A WEEK GIVE ME MY DOUGH.
HERE'S TEN GRAND. SHIEK SAYS TO GIVE YOU THE REST WHEN WE SEE HOW THIS COMES OUT.
WHAAAT? WHY.... YOU...YOU..... CROOKS!!!
TAKE IT EASY, DOC. WE'LL SEE YOU NEXT WEEK WHEN YOU UNVEIL SHIEK'S NEW PAN!
ONE WEEK LATER....
HOW DO I LOOK, DOC... HOW DO I LOOK???
AAAH. YOU RAT! YOU BUTCHER!! I COULD KILL YOU!
WHAT ARE YOU KICKING ABOUT? THE G-MEN'LL NEVER RECOGNIZE YOU NOW. YOU LOOK LIKE A MOVIE STAR...IN A HORROR PICTURE. NOW GIVE ME MY DOUGH!
4

YOUR DOUGH, DOC? SURE. YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU. BUT HOW ABOUT A DRINK, FIRST?
SURE, SURE. I KNOW YOU MUST BE UPSET ABOUT YOUR FACE, SHIEK. BUT YOU'RE SAFE NOW!
DRINK UP, DOC....
YEAH. HERE'S TO CRIME... HEH... HEH....
NOW GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU... YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS.... I'LL SPILL TO THE G-MEN.
DOC... YOU TALK TOO MUCH!
PLEASE... SHIEK.... DON'T.....
AAAHHH!
WEIGHT HIS BODY, BOYS, AND TOSS HIM IN THE RIVER!
THE COLD WATERS OF THE RIVER CLOSED OVER DR. WEST... A MAN WHO DABBLED IN CRIME AND SULLIED HIS SACRED OATH... NOR DID SHIEK DUGAN ESCAPE... FOR HE WAS CAPTURED SHORTLY AFTERWARD BY THE FBI AND SENTENCED TO LIFE IN ALCATRAZ.

CRIME ON THE HIGH SEAS

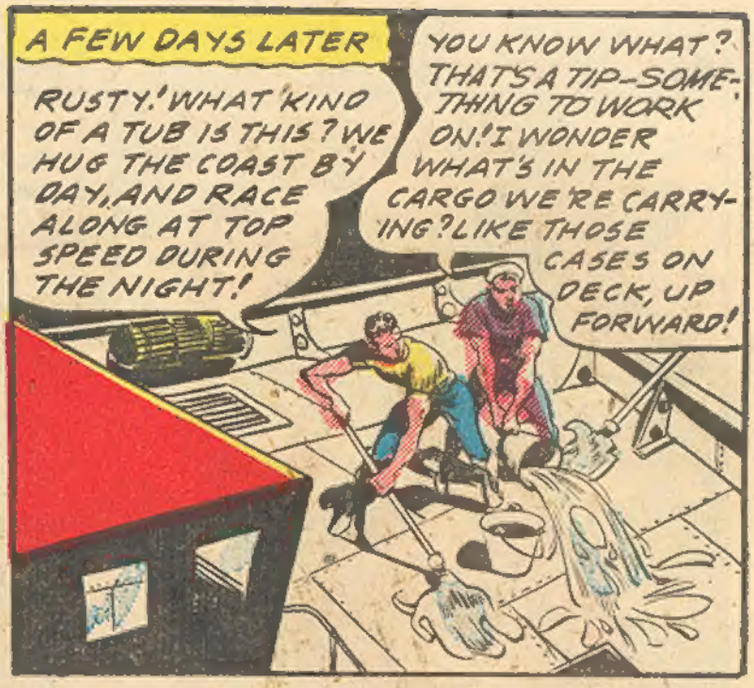
GUN-RUNNERS' RACKET

COMING UP ON THE HORIZON WAS A DOUBTFULL SHIP---ONE OF THOSE TRAMPS OF THE SEAS...AND IT WAS PETE RONSON AND HIS PAL RUSTY'S LUCK TO HAVE TO CARRY OUT AN INVESTIGATION FOR THE GOVERNMENT'S SPECIAL BUREAU....

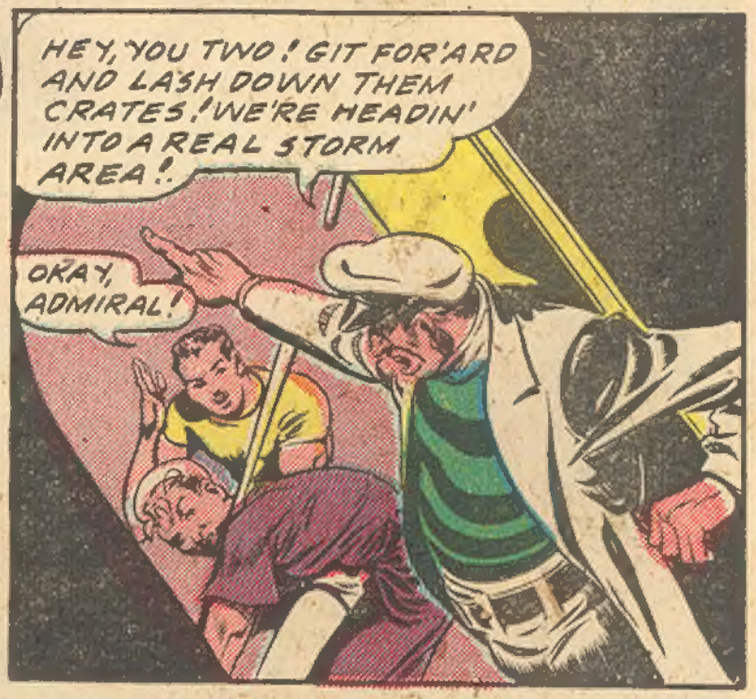

THIS IS STRICTLY THE CHIEF'S IDEA, RUSTY... ONLY WE'VE GOT TO BE "CUTE" ABOUT IT. O.K. LET'S TRY TO GET ON BOARD, AND MAKE LIKE REAL SAILORS... WE HAVE A JOB TO DO!
THERE GOES THE GANGPLANK - O.K., RUSTY, LET'S GET ABOARD CASUAL-LIKE!

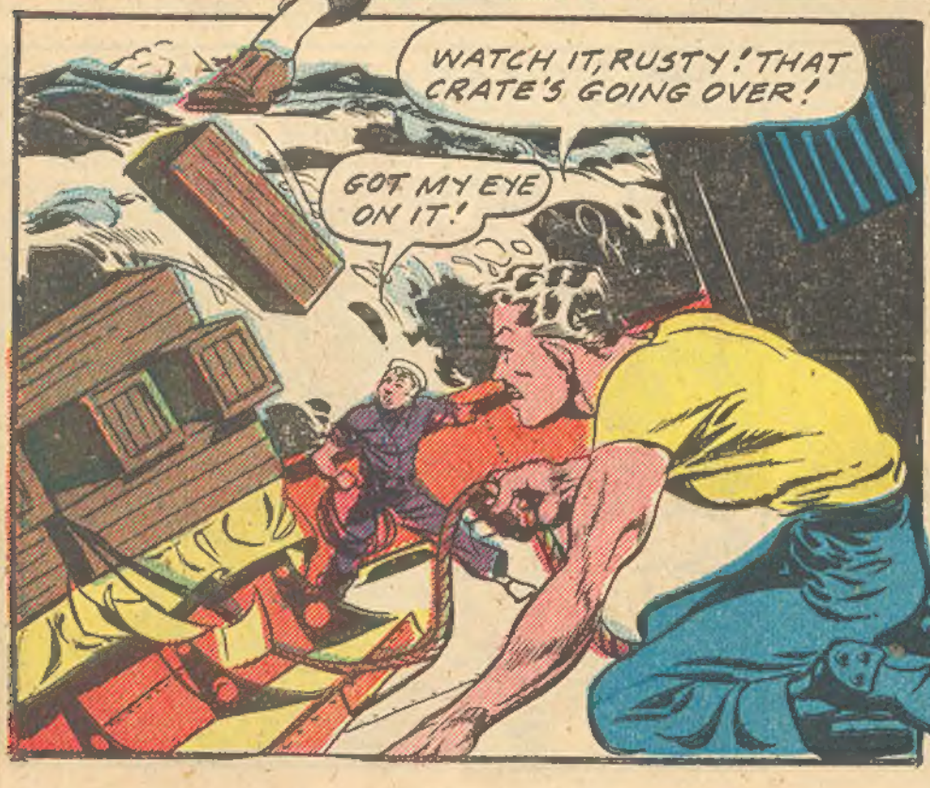
OH!
THIS IS THE END OF THE RIDE FOR YOU BUMS!
GIT OFFEN MUH BOAT AN' STAY OFF! WE AIN'T GOT USE FOR SOFTIES ABOARD THE "MAUDE MILLER"!
LOOKS LIKE THE BOYS HAD A LITTLE ARGUMENT!
YEAH! AND SOMEBODY TALKED WITH HIS HANDS!
RUSTY! ARE YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING!
BUDDY, I KNOW WHAT'S GOING THROUGH THAT MIND OF YOURS! THERE ARE NOW TWO BERTHS AVAILABLE!
HEY, MAC! I THINK YOU CAN USE TWO STURDY LADS, EH?
YEAH, AND WE'RE CUTE, TOO!
YOU GUYS WANT TO SHIP ABOARD?
I'M THE SKIPPER! THEY CALL ME BLACKIE HORNE! I'M TOUGH... YOU SEEN WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM GUYS, DIDN'T YA? THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!
OOOH! THE BAD MAN SCARES ME!
UH-HUH! LISTEN, MAC! WE CAN TAKE ANYTHING YOU CAN DISH OUT... AND MORE! WILL YOU SHOW US OUR QUARTERS?
7
2

MIKE! SHOW THESE TWO TO THE FOC'SLE!
THOSE BIRDS WILL BEAR SOME WATCHIN'!


A FEW DAYS LATER
RUSTY! WHAT KIND OF A TUB IS THIS? WE HUG THE COAST BY DAY, AND RACE ALONG AT TOP SPEED DURING THE NIGHT!
YOU KNOW WHAT? THAT'S A TIP-SOMETHING TO WORK ON! I WONDER WHAT'S IN THE CARGO WE'RE CARRYING? LIKE THOSE CASES ON DECK, UP FORWARD!

HMM, THAT GUY'S IN A HURRY! WONDER WHAT'S UP?
THE SKY'S DARKENING! I GUESS WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW!


HEY, YOU TWO! GIT FOR'ARD AND LASH DOWN THEM CRATES! WE'RE HEADIN' INTO A REAL STORM AREA!
OKAY, ADMIRAL!


WATCH IT, RUSTY! THAT CRATE'S GOING OVER!
GOT MY EYE ON IT!

WOW!
RIFLES! HOLY COW! WE'RE RUNNING GUNS!

GUNS IT IS, LADS! AND HERE'S ONE READY TO BLAST YOU BOTH TO KINGDOM COME!
HUH?
OKAY, YOU SNOOPERS, UP AGAINST THE RAIL--AND NO FUNNY BUSINESS!
HEY, RUSTY! REMEMBER THAT TIME IN THE BATTLE OF THE BULGE WHEN THAT JERRY HAD US COVERED?
YEAH! WE WERE IN A SPOT LIKE THIS!
I HIT HIM LOW!
AND I STEPPED ON HIS CORNS!
GOT 'IM!
YEOW!
JEEPERS! THEY'RE FIGHTIN' BLACKIE!
OKAY, BLACKIE, WE'LL TAKE OVER!
OH! OH! WE'VE GOT COMPANY!

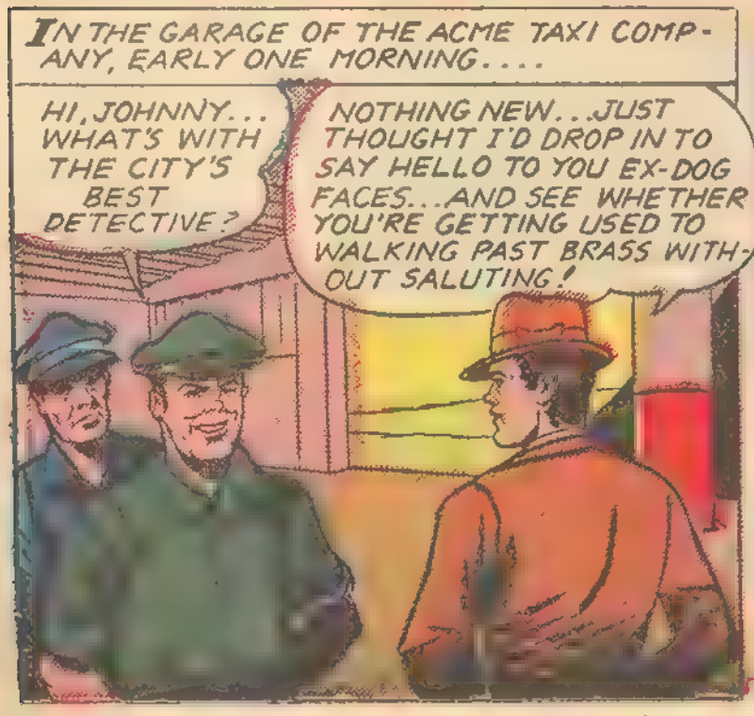
HOW'S THIS FOR A STARTER?
SORRY TO SEE YOU LEAVE THE PARTY, CHUM!
BAM
WATCH THAT GUY WITH THE SHIV, PETE!
SHARP STUFF, EH?
OWW!
FIRST WE GET DOWN TO BARE FACTS!
TRY THAT ON FOR SIZE!
SET 'EM UP IN THE OTHER ALLEY, BOYS!
LOOK PRETTY NOW, YOU'RE GOING FOR A RIDE!

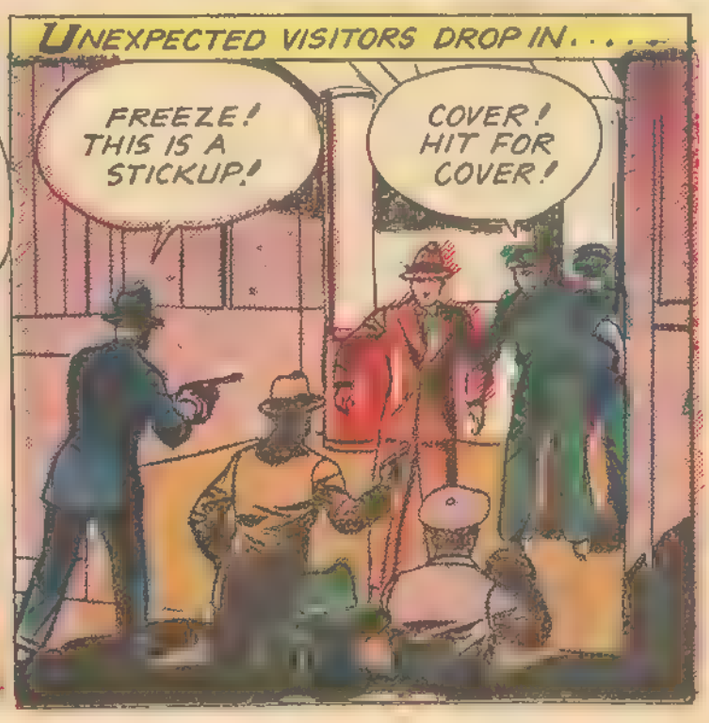
OKAY, SARGINT!
I'M GOING UP TO THE RADIO SHACK--- YOU STAND GUARD!
IN THE RADIO SHACK---
HUH?
DON'T REACH FOR THAT GAT, BUDDY!
OOF!
BAM!
I SAID DON'T REACH!
I'LL FLASH THIS MESSAGE! "S.O.S. MAUDE MILLER. LONGITUDE 86 DEGREES 10 MINUTES, LATITUDE 10 DEGREES."
AND ABOARD A CUSTOMS BOAT--
DIABLE! I MUST BREENG THEES TO THE CAPITANO!
A MESSAGE, SIR!
HMM! WE ARE NOT FAR AWAY! WE'LL MOVE TO THE RESCUE!

THAT CUSTOMS BOAT OUGHT TO BE HERE SOON! ANYWAY, THAT'S WHAT THEY SAID!
HOPE SO! I'M TIRED OF LOOKING AT THESE MONKEYS!
LATER---
AHOY THE MAUDE MILLER!
SEND A BOARDING PARTY ABOARD! WE HAVE SOME GUESTS FOR YOU!
THE CREW OF THE MAUDE MILLER IS ROUNDED UP--
THIS WHOLE TUB IS LOADED WITH GUNS, CAPTAIN!
AHA--THEES EEZ THE WAN WE ARE LOOKING FOR! WE 'AVE NEWS THAT A GUN RUNNER IS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
YOU SEE THERE ARE THOSE WHO WEESH TO MAKE THEENGS BAD HERE IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND TURN US AGAINST THE UNITED STATES! THESE ARE THE SAME KIND OF MEN WHO MEN WHO MADE THE WAR! WEETH THE GUNS THEY 'OPED TO SEIZE POWER!
I WILL LEAVE A PRIZE CREW ABOARD AND TOW THEES BOAT INTO THE NEAREST PORT!
SWELL, CAPTAIN!
YOU KNOW, PETE, I LOVE THIS SEA LIFE SO MUCH, MAYBE THE CHIEF WOULD JUST LET US STAY HERE A GOOD WHILE--
RUSTY, YOU'RE A LOAFER. NEXT THING YOU KNOW, WE'LL BE ON A DIAMOND SMUGGLING CASE... AT LEAST--

Johnny Bellows city detective

WHEN JOHNNY BELLOWS, HARD PUNCHING CITY DETECTIVE DECIDES TO TEACH A COUPLE OF WOULD-BE HOLD-UP MEN A LESSON, HE ISN'T STOPPED BY HARD GUYS OR TOMMY GUNS!


IN THE GARAGE OF THE ACME TAXI COMPANY, EARLY ONE MORNING....
HI, JOHNNY... WHAT'S WITH THE CITY'S BEST DETECTIVE?
NOTHING NEW...JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN TO SAY HELLO TO YOU EX-DOG FACES...AND SEE WHETHER YOU'RE GETTING USED TO WALKING PAST BRASS WITHOUT SALUTING!



NEVER THOUGHT I'D HAVE TO HIT FOR A SLIT TRENCH AGAIN!
OOF! THIS GREASE..
HEY! WHAT IS THIS? I SAID THIS IS A STICKUP!
DEY ALL DISAPPEARED!
LET 'EM HAVE IT, BOYS!
WITH PLEASURE!
THERE THEY GO! I'LL SEND IN AN ALARM FOR THEM..
WE COULD CHASE 'EM..
NO..THEY'RE ARMED AND YOU BOYS AREN'T..NO USE STICKING YOUR NECKS OUT! WE'LL GET 'EM...AND WHEN WE DO....
LOOK WHO'S HERE, BOYS... THE PRESS!
HI, FELLARS! WHY JOHNNY..WHAT-EVER HAPPENED? YOU HAVE GREASE ALL OVER YOUR CLOTHES!

I'M HERE ON A POLICE BEAT.. THE EDITOR DECIDED HE NEEDED A LOT OF TALENT... SOOO... I'M THE KID!
PEG GETS HER STORY AND...
THIS IS THE SAME GANG THAT'S BEEN CAUSING ALL THE TROUBLE IN TOWN.. I'M CONVINCED OF THAT.. AND I'M AFTER 'EM!
YOU'LL GET EM, BIG BOY.. AND.. UH... JOHNNY...
BE CAREFUL, DEAR!
HUH?
HERE'S A HANDKERCHIEF, JOHNNY.. YOU HAVE LIP-STICK ON YOUR FACE!
UH.. HEH.. UH.. PEG'S A SWELL KID! YESSIREE!
JOHNNY LEAVES THE CAB DRIVERS, AND LATER WE FIND HIM.....
HEY, TIMMY! HOW'S THE LEG?
PRETTY GOOD! DOC GOT ALL THE SHRAP-NEL OUT OF IT.. AND HE SAYS I'LL BE GOOD AS NEW! I'M OUT FOR THE POLICE FORCE!
WELL.. THIS MAY BE A LITTLE PREMATURE... BUT SUPPOSE YOU JOIN ME IN SOME POLICE WORK RIGHT NOW... PRONTO!
YOU BET! WAIT'LL I CLOSE THIS JOINT!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER....
WELL KID, WE CASED EVERY JOINT BETWEEN HERE AND THE RIVER... AND NO SIGN OF OUR MEN! EVEN THE STOOL PIGEONS CAN'T GET A LINE ON THEM ...THEY MUST BE OUT OF-TOWNERS!
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?
OH, BOY! AN IDEA JUST HIT ME!
YEAH, AND I FEEL AS THOUGH A MACK TRUCK JUST HIT ME!
HULLO..PEG..LISTEN TO ME BABY..YOU HAVE TO DO IT...TELL THE EDITOR ANY-THING..BUT THE STORY I OUTLINED MUST GET INTO THE SOCIETY COLUMN..
THIS IS A HONEY! PEG IS GETTING A STORY IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN THAT I'M SURE WILL SMOKE THESE RATS OUT!
I GET IT! YOU'RE BAITING THE TRAP WITH CHEESE FOR THE RATS!
SOMETHING LIKE THAT... AND YOU MY LAD ARE GOING TO BE IN ON THE KILL!
IN THE GANG'S HIDE OUT..THE NEXT DAY.....
HEY GUYS! HERE'S SOMETHING IN THE SOCIETY COLUMN! SOMETHING WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR!

MISS SUSAN SMYTHE, WELL KNOWN SOCIALITE, WILL WEAR THE FAMOUS TARNUS SAPPHIRE BRACELET AT A RECEPTION TO BE HELD THIS EVENING IN THE CORAL ROOM OF THE HOTEL NORRIS!
THAT'S FOR US, KID!
MEANWHILE JOHNNY LAYS THE GROUNDWORK FOR TRAPPING THE CROOKS.....
NOW YOU, TIMMY WILL BE THE HEAD WAITER .. PEG IS MISS SUSAN SMYTH THE HEIRESS OUR GUESTS WILL BE COPS...
FAIR ENOUGH!
LATER THAT EVENING.. THE CORAL ROOM OF THE HOTEL NORRIS..
TIMMY YOU STATION YOURSELF AT THE DOOR AT ALL TIMES SO THAT YOU CAN SEE WHAT IS GOING ON!
RIGHT!
MEANWHILE...
OKAY BOYS.. HERE WE ARE AT THE NORRIS .. LET'S GO IN!
THE CORAL'S ON THE THIRD FLOOR!
WE'RE PART OF THE BAND... THE OTHERS'LL BE HERE SOON!
OKAY!

JOHNNY'S PLAN WORKS . . . . .
QUIET EVERYBODY! THIS IS A STICK UP!
NOBODY'S GETTING HELD UP TONIGHT, BUDDY!
THAT'S FOR THE GREASE SPOT!
DON'T MOVE... ANY OF YOU GUYS!
WE SURRENDER!
AND THAT'S THAT.. THEY'LL PULL NO MORE HOLDUPS FOR A LONG TIME TO COME!
I'LL PHONE IN THE STORY!
JUST A MOMENT, YOUNG LADY.!.
THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO PAY BACK!
MMMM... NICE... NICE... NICE...

DANGEROUS DOUGH

RAIN rattled at the windshield and the wipers made a flashing arc before Casey's eyes, as he watched the narrow road unwinding before the nose of the car.

"Tough night," Casey muttered to the stranger beside him. "Can't imagine anyone having to go anywhere in weather like this. Take me for instance . . ."

"You can let me out at that little road," the stranger interrupted, his voice, like himself, small and pinched. "I can walk from there . . ."

"No trouble," Casey growled good naturedly. "I wouldn't expect anyone to walk any further han they had to in weather like this. If I can get into the road—you got a place back there, Mister?"

"Mister" didn't answer at once and Casey took a quick look out the corner of his eyes. The man was crouched against the door, wizzened-up looking and scared. Something about his voice, his nervousness, caught Casey's attention.

"Yes," he whispered finally. "I—I've got a place in there. But that's why — you see, I didn't want anyone to know—that I'm going here. I—please let me out!"

Funny, Casey thought as he pulled the car to the side, watched thoughtfully as the little man opened the door and disappeared into the swirling rain.

CASEY drove on. For a few moments his thoughts were occupied with his odd passenger. He'd picked the guy up along the road leading out from the village. Casey knew just about everyone in town. This fellow was a stranger. The train from the city had gone through just a little while before. Casey had been there to meet it, expecting his partner back from a trip, but Casey remembered that no one had alighted. So it couldn't be he'd come with the train. . .

"Holy smoke," Casey gasped. His eyes had seen the package then, and automatically he stopped again. It was a neat package, done up in brown wrapping paper. It was small, tucked down at the back of the seat as if it had slipped from the stranger's pocket and lodged there.

Casey picked it up. His stubby strong fingers worked it gently, found it pliant. Curiosity nudged him and he carefully tore one corner open. A moment later his breath came in a gasp of surprise.

The package contained currency, sheaves of green-backs. Depending upon their denomination, there could be a fortune here. At least there was a sizable hunk of dough no one would leave lying around just anywhere . .

Resolutely, Casey turned the car around, started back. A sense of uneasiness touched him as he peered out, looking for the road where he'd dropped his recent passenger. It wouldn't be easy to find—

"Uh," Casey grunted. "That's it."

The road was almost impassable. It wound and twisted in and out of the low hills, up and down through tangled low-lands where the car bogged down and once or twice almost stayed. Eventually, by expert use and judgment, Casey brought the machine up through the trees and saw the faint reflection of windows in a house before him. As he drew closer, he saw there was a light in one room on the first floor.

Still aware of his uneasiness, Casey stopped the car. He left the package shoved behind the seat, got out and climbed the stairs to the door. He knocked, the sound echoing dimly inside. Nothing happened and he knocked again. Still nothing happened.

A moment later Casey was inside, was in the doorway of the lighted room—

His eyes were fixed upon the still body, lying in the center of the floor. The body of the little stranger, the face and shoulders blood-stained, the eyes closed.

Casey advanced and knelt. His stubby fingers probed the wrist of the man. A moment later Casey stood up. The little guy was still alive. Casey drew a breath of relief—

"What's cooking?"

At the sound of the voice Casey's stocky body spun. He saw the two men facing him, both with revolvers in their hands. Narrow faced guys with intense dark eyes that seemed to reflect the light of the room greenly.

"What're you doing here?" one of them demanded, his lips writhing faintly over the words.

Casey hesitated, feeling the tension of his body increasing. "I—came for him." He indicated the man on the floor. "He told me to pick him up here again."

One of the men advanced, swiftly patted Casey up and down. His face wore a shade of uneasiness as he stepped back, eyes narrowing to slits. Over his shoulder he addressed his companion. "Jimmy, go out and look this guy's crate over. Maybe . . . it's in there!"

For a moment silence fell, broken now and then by the gusty wind. The uneasiness left Casey, prompted in part by the realization that he'd unwittingly gotten himself into this mess and must get out again. Aside from feeling sorry for the man on the floor, Casey knew his own position was dangerous.

"I suppose you know this guy's dead," Casey lied to the remaining man. "Or doesn't it matter?"

"Dead?" The gunman advanced slowly, frowning. For a moment his attention was divided as he leaned forward to peer closer at the crumpled figure—

Casey's foot went out, caught the gun hand of the man before him. The guy cried out sharply, stumbled back, his face twisted with surprise and anger—

Swiftly Casey followed his attack. His heavy fists, accustomed to twisting and wrestling with machinery, sent the man into a twisted unconscious heap.

Snatching up the fallen revolver, Casey whirled just as his former passenger struggled to a sitting position. He whispered, "Thank goodness you got *one*. They've been blackmailing me. The money—"

"In the car," Casey snapped. "The other one is out there now."

"Everything is ruined!" the little man moaned. "I'd have lost home, family, position, everything. I came to buy them off. When I didn't have the money—"

Casey turned swiftly toward a window. This was no time to hesitate. He snatched the sash open, slid out and dropped. His feet sank deep into the mud at the side of the house.

His car was down the narrow driveway. He darted toward it, gun ready, nerves tensed. The car was empty. Swiftly he probed behind the front seat.

The package was gone!

From behind the building came the sudden hum of a motor. Casey tensed. Evidently Jimmy had found the money, perhaps seen the new twist of affairs inside the house, and was going to make a get-away, leaving his partner . . .

Casey's hand fumbled for the spotlight switch. He snapped it on, flooding the driveway toward the rear of the building with intense white light. Rain drops fell like dots of ice. He whirled, plunged across the narrow space and pressed himself against the wall.

The drive was narrow. There was room only on this side for the car to pass. Jimmy would see the spotlight, and when he passed—

The sound of a motor roared into life. Headlights blasted a white tunnel down the drive. The machine whirled down into the narrow alley between Casey's car and the porch. It slowed suddenly. Shots spattered out. Casey knew, with a twinge of regret, that Jimmy had opened fire upon Casey's car, figuring he was in it—

The sedan lurched into the narrow space, bounced as the brakes were applied. It was almost up against Casey. Swiftly he grabbed at the door, ripped it open and vaulted in.

Jimmy, gun in hand, was staring out at Casey's car. He jerked around, his face a snarl of surprise and fear—

Casey's big fist rocketed out and Jimmy's head crashed back against the door with crushing force. His gun hand wilted. His body slumped down behind the wheel.

Drawing a deep breath, Casey pulled up the emergency brake. Thoughtfully he dug out the packet of money from Jimmy's inside pocket. Fingering it, Casey relaxed. He was glad it was safe. The little guy inside would no doubt have some explaining to do to the cops in order to get the whole affair straightened out. But with the criminals behind bars and his money safe, the rest should be easy.

And Casey was glad the money belonged to the little fellow. It had become too dangerous for Casey to want for his own.

—*By Justin D. Triem*

JUSTICE ON THE Hoof
STEADY, WHOA BOYS, STEADY!
BEFORE THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER CAME INTO THE OPEN SPACES OF THE OLD WEST, MANY A HARDY PIONEER HAD TO BE JUDGE JURY AND EXECUTIONER FOR HIMSELF... AND SOMETIMES THE PUNISHMENT THEY HANDED OUT WAS POETICALLY FITTED TO THE CRIME....
IS HE DEAD?
DON'T THINK SO...JUST CREASED!
LAND'S FREE... GOT AS MUCH RIGHT HERE AS YOU, CLEM BARROW....
HE'S DELIRIOUS! GET HIM OUTTA THE SUN!

YOU SAY YER PLACE IS IN BROAD VALLEY, EH? THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADIN' !
BETTER WATCH OUT FER CLEM BARROW. HE WANTS THE WHOLE VALLEY FER HIMSELF. AN' THERE AIN'T NO LAW TO STOP HIM!
HE SHOT YA WHEN YA WOULDN'T SCARE OFF THE RANGE, EH?
YEP. . LEFT ME FER DEAD! BUT-I DIDN'T DIE. . . AN' I'M GOIN' BACK!
THAT'S THE STUFF SON! COME ALONG WITH US!
GLAD TO, MISTER, MEBBY BETWEEN US WE CAN LICK CLEM BARROW!
WELL, HERE'S THE VALLEY! SAAAY,.. WHAT'S THAT SIGN?
WMMM.. IT WASN'T THERE THIS MORNIN' !
HOMESTEDERS KEEP OUT! THIS IZ OUR ONE AND ONLY WARNING. CLEM BARROW.
PULL IN, FOLKS! HAUL THEM WAGONS IN!
WE'RE CAMPIN' HERE TONIGHT, AN' SIGN OR NO SIGN--WE'RE STAYIN' !
RIGHT! WE'RE WITH YA!

THAT NIGHT...
THIS IS A PRETTY VALLEY. AN' I THINK THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM HERE FOR OUR HOMES AND BARROW'S CATTLE TOO!
SURE THERE IS...BUT HE DOESN'T THINK SO! GUESS HE'S TAKEN THE FEW HEAD I HAD BY NOW.
HORSES COMIN' THIS A WAY FAST!
THAT'LL BE BARROW AN' HIS MEN!
SO YA DON'T BELIEVE IN SIGNS, HUH! RIDE 'EM DOWN, BOYS!
THEY'RE GONNA TRY TO DRIVE US OFF!
FIRE THE WAGONS! SCATTER THE HORSES!
DIRTY MURDERERS!
OOOHH! MY BABY! MY BABY!
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BABIES AND WOMEN, MURDERED!
THEY'RE TOO STRONG FOR US, MAC.. BUT I'M GONNA FOLLOW 'EM!
ROUND UP SOME HORSES, MAC, WE MAY NEED 'EM WHEN I GET BACK!
MAC, GET THE MEN TOGETHER!
MEN.. WE CAN RID THE RANGE OF BARROW AN' HIS KILLERS IF YOU'RE WILLIN' TO SPILL A LITTLE BLOOD!
HERE'S THE CURVE OF THE RIVER... HERE'S THE KILLERS CAMP... AN' HERE'S A BIG HERD OF CATTLE. NOW HERE'S THE PLAN!
LET'S GO, MEN. THIS TIME IT'S OUR TURN!
RACE LEADS HIS LITTLE BAND OF AVENGERS INTO THE NIGHT...
NOBODY IN SIGHT. RACE, HERE'S A STICK OF DYNAMITE!
SPREAD OUT NOW... AN' REMEMBER, WHEN THIS GOES OFF, START SHOOTIN'!

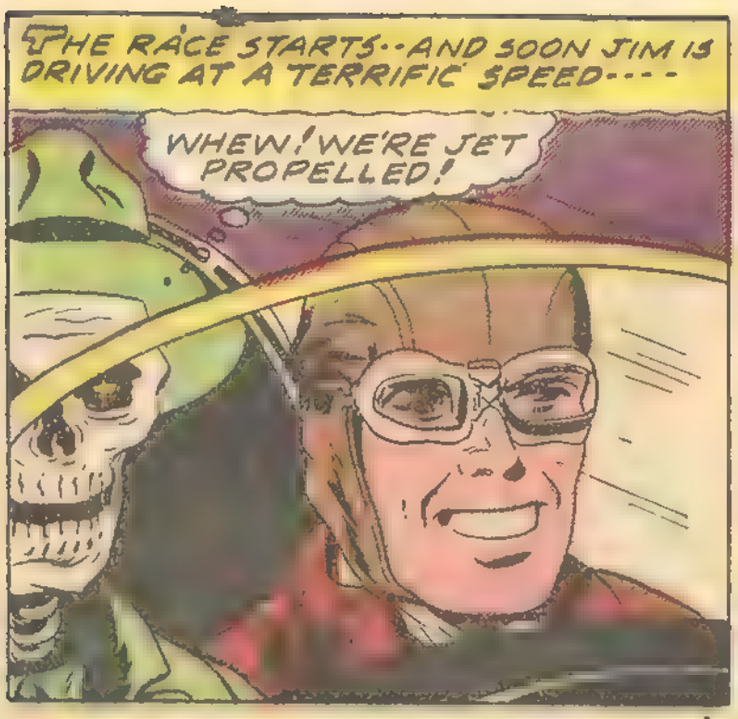
THERE SHE BLOWS! START SHOOTIN'!
CRASH!
VAHOOOO! RUN DOGIES!
WAHOOO!
YIPEEEE!
WHAT'S ALL THIS RUMPUS!
HEY! LOOK!
STAMPEDE!
HEAD FER THE RIVER, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
LOOK! BARROW'S GETTIN' AWAY!
AIEEE

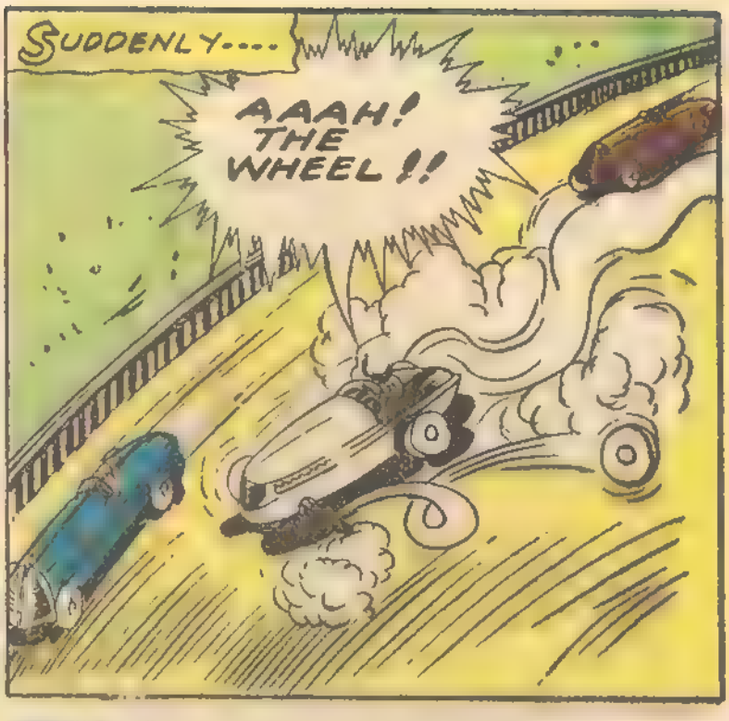
HE WON'T GET AWAY IF I CAN HELP IT!
DOGGONE! I'M OUTTA SHELLS!
HAW! HAW! GONNA TACKLE THE JOB WITHOUT A GUN, KID?
THAT'LL SETTLE YOU! MISSED- DRAT YA!
I'LL GET YA SOME WAY BARROW!
GOTTA TAKE A CHANCE...
HEY! LOOK OUT!
AIEEEEE
WELL..THAT'S THE END OF HIM! TOO BAD IT HAD TO BE THIS WAY BUT..UNTIL THE LAW COMES TO BROAD VALLEY WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP THE REINS OF JUSTICE IN CLEAN HANDS!

DEATH TAKES THE WHEEL
ANY WRECKS TODAY? ANY SMASHED CARS? ANY DEAD MEN? AN AUTOMOBILE RACING SPEEDWAY MIGHT BE THE PLACE YOU'D EXPECT TO FIND PLENTY OF SMASH-UPS! AND THERE ARE ENOUGH, ESPECIALLY WHEN "DEATH TAKES THE WHEEL."

ON THE GREASE PIT AT A GREAT AUTO SPEEDWAY THE DAY BEFORE THE RACE--
RYDER, I WANT TO SPEAK TO YOU!
TALK--IT'S A FREE COUNTRY!
RYDER--I WARNED YOU TO KEEP AWAY FROM EDITH! SHE'S MY GIRL! KEEP AWAY--OR--
OR WHAT? LET'S SEE SOME ACTION!
I'LL KILL YOU!
YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY!
HEY YOU TWO! CUT THAT OUT!
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? MY TWO BEST MEN--AT EACH OTHER'S THROAT!
HMM--WITH ALL THIS ROUGH TALK GOING AROUND--NEVER CAN TELL WHEN SOMEBODY MIGHT GET HURT, PERMANENTLY!
I'M SORRY, PAUL--BUT THIS GUY HAS SHOT HIS MOUTH OFF ONCE TOO OFTEN!
CUT IT OUT, JIM--WE HAVE A RACE TO WIN TOMORROW! THERE'S A LOT OF DOUGH AT STAKE---
EDITH'S MY GIRL! TELL HIM TO KEEP AWAY FROM HER--OR HE'LL REGRET IT!
SHUT UP, MONTE---THAT'S ENOUGH! FORGET ABOUT EDITH--YOUR JOB IS TO GET OUR ENTRY INTO WINNING SHAPE--THAT'S ALL I WANT TO HEAR FROM YOU--OR SO HELP ME, I'LL HAVE YOU BOTH BANNED FROM EVERY TRACK IN THE COUNTRY!
I LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK! IT'S RUGGED! YESSIR, IT'S RUGGED!

THAT'S ALL! NOW YOU TWO GET BUSY! REMEMBER WHAT I SAID ABOUT ANY MORE FIGHTING! IT'LL COST YOU YOUR LICENSES!
WE'LL STICK IT OUT-- UNTIL AFTER THE RACE!
LATER--- THAT NIGHT------
AH--THERE'S OUR CAR-- NOW TO GET TO WORK ON IT!
METHINKS THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE STATE OF DENMARK! HEY! THAT'S SHAKE-SPEARE! I'M CULTURED, I AM!
ANOTHER TURN, AND I'M ALL SET! WAIT'LL THIS BOAT GETS UP TO TOP SPEED--- WHO'S THERE TO SAY IT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT??
YEAH-- WHO BUT ME! AND I WON'T TALK! I'LL JUST HAVE ANOTHER CUSTOMER!
THE NEXT DAY--- THE BIG RACE!!
MONTE-- I'M SORRY--I--
WELL, I'M NOT--
MONTE, WE'VE BEEN BUDDIES FOR TEN YEARS-- LET'S SHAKE!
NO, JIM--I'M FINISHED-- AND SO ARE YOU!
AND MONTE'S THE BOY WHO SHOULD KNOW WHAT HE'S TALKING ABOUT!
3


THE RACE STARTS--AND SOON JIM IS DRIVING AT A TERRIFIC SPEED----
WHEW! WE'RE JET PROPELLED!


SUDDENLY....
AAAH! THE WHEEL!!

AND AS IF FATE DECREED IT, THE FLYING WHEEL HITS MONTE!
AAAAH!

WELL, WHAT D'YA KNOW? I HAVE TWO CLIENTS INSTEAD OF ONE! FUNNY THE WAY THINGS WORK OUT!

THERE THEY GO--OFF INTO THE WILD BLUE YONDER! I DON'T THINK MY WORK AROUND HERE IS DONE--I DON'T THINK SO AT ALL!

MEANWHILE, PAUL LAWRENCE DOESN'T SEEM TOO SAD----
OH HO! HO! IT WORKED! WORKED LIKE A CHARM! KILLED THEM BOTH! AND NOW EDITH WILL BE MINE!

I KIND OF FEEL SORRY FOR JIM--MONTE TOO--I DION'T MEAN TO KILL MONTE! JUST PLANNED ON HIM BEING BLAMED FOR JIM'S DEATH!
THAT'S A BIG DIFFER-ENCE!
I'LL GO SEE EDITH! POOR KID--SHE MUST BE TERRIBLY UPSET!
AFTER YOU, MY FRIEND!
OKAY, PAULIE BOY, LET'S GET STARTED!
I BETTER TAKE A DRINK TO STEADY MY NERVES!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS-- A CHARACTER IN THE "LOST WEEKEND?"
FASTER! MUST GO FASTER!
IT DOESN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE IF YOU GO FAST OR SLOW! YOU'LL WIND UP IN THE SAME PLACE, MY BOY!

NOW THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, PAUL! I THINK YOU SHOULD EITHER OBEY THE SPEED LAWS---
OUT OF CONTROL THE CAR CRASHES INTO A BOULDER!
OR DIE!
BANG!
WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE SPEEDING VEHICLE CAROMS WILDLY----
HELP! HELP! YIIIIII
CRASH!
THEN THERE IS SILENCE--- THE SILENCE OF THE GRAVE---
PHEW! WHAT A SPILL-- AND I SEE MY BOY, THE MURDERER, IS QUITE DEAD!
AND THAT ONLY PROVES... "MURDER WILL OUT"..AND YOU ALWAYS PAY FOR A CRIME! ALWAYS!
6

CLEVER CLUES

THE CASHIER IN A BANK NOTICED A STRANGE MAN WATCHING MR. DU PINGAL WRITE OUT A CHECK. THE NEXT DAY MR. DUPINGAL'S SIGNATURE WAS FORGED. THE CASHIER TOLD THE DETECTIVES ABOUT THE STRANGE MAN. HE CONFESSED HE DID IT. HOW DID THE FORGER OBTAIN A COPY OF DE PINGAL'S SIGNATURE?

SOLUTION - THE SUSPECT ADMITTED THAT HE HAD PICKED UP THE BLOTTER USED BY DUPINGAL AND WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR COPIED THE "SIG".

STATISTICS SHOW THAT THE AVERAGE MURDERER IN THE UNITED STATES SERVES ONLY 90 MONTHS IN PRISON — LESS THAN 8 YEARS.

ANSWER - SHE SAID THAT AFTER SHE HAD LOCKED THE CAR, HER BAG WITH KEYS WAS STOLEN, YET SHE DROVE TO THE POLICE.

MRS. FANDERMELT CAME INTO THE POLICE STATION. SHE SAID SHE HAD DRIVEN INTO TOWN, AND AFTER SHE HAD PARKED AND LOCKED HER CAR SHE STARTED TO WALK TOWARDS THE BANK WHERE SHE WAS GOING TO DEPOSIT $20,000 WORTH OF JEWELRY SHE HAD IN HER HAND BAG WHEN A STRANGE MAN GRABBED HER HAND BAG AND RAN AWAY. SHE IMMEDIATELY GOT IN HER CAR AND DROVE TO THE POLICE STATION. WHEN THE OFFICER ASKED WHAT ELSE WAS IN HER BAG, SHE ANSWERED-ONE HANDKERCHIEF, A COSMETIC CASE, TEN ONE-DOLLAR BILLS AND THE KEYS TO HER CAR. THE OFFICER POLITELY TOLD HER SHE HAD FAKED THE ROBBERY TO COLLECT THE INSURANCE ON THE GEMS. WHAT MADE HIM SUSPECT HER SCHEME?

BY KEN BRICKLEY

THE SHOW'S ON, GANG!

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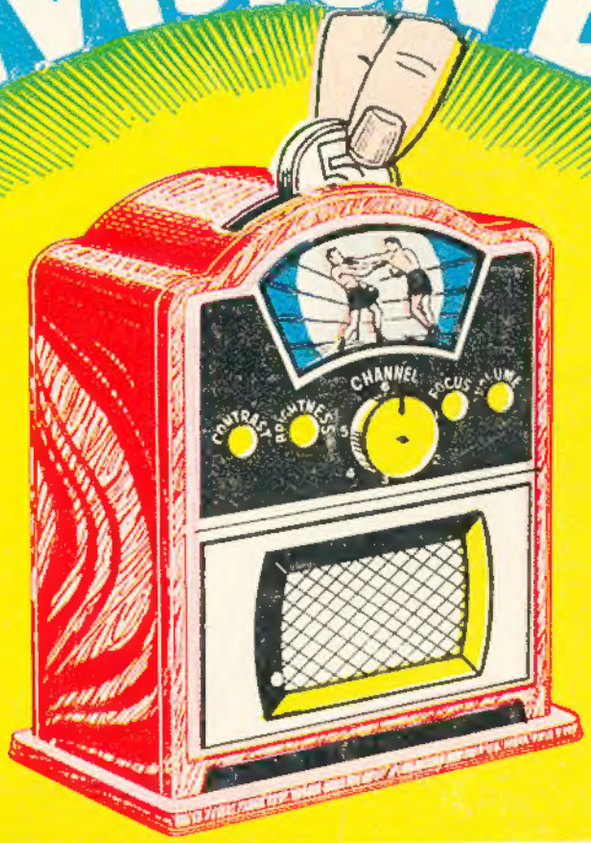

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- AND . . . MAKES YOUR SAVINGS MOUNT UP FAST!

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Nobody ever before set their excited eyes on anything so terrific as this amazing new Television Bank! Your whole gang will be begging you for a look at this new midget wonder!

LIGHTS UP THE MINUTE YOU DROP COIN! Just click a penny, nickel, dime or quarter into top slot. Instantly your grand new Television Bank lights up —in a big, BIG way! In a split second, the screen leaps into dazzling life!

AND WOW! WHAT A PICTURE! Whether you go for "zowie" shows (fights and such) or want a dream dance-team or peppy cartoon, you've got them—and MORE—right on this miracle Television Bank! What's more, shining convex lens over screen gives you the brightest, clearest, pictures yet!

TURN OF KNOB SHOWS NEXT EXCITING PICTURE! When you've looked your admiring fill at one picture, just turn center knob for next thrill-packed "show." Light goes out automatically as new picture appears! To light new picture, bank another coin. No less than SIX exciting pictures in all — a fight, dramatic dance team, tense rodeo scene, hilarious cartoon, swell figure skater and circus clown with his trick dog!

PUTS YOU "IN T.." MONEY" — AND FAST! Your savings pile up PLENTY FAST—and with this marvelous new Television Bank! None of your friends, relatives or chance visitors can resist depositing enough to see the complete show! And with SIX wonderful pictures to see — you bank REAL MONEY just for letting them look!

IT'S A HONEY — IN EVERY DETAIL! You'll be the envy of all your friends with grand new Television Bank! A console model, it's an exact miniature of the most expensive sets. Complete even to the handsomely painted-on speaker grille and dials. All metal ruggedly built bank, 4¾" x 4", has smart mahogany finish. Automatic screen light powered by efficient, replaceable battery. GUARANTEED TO DELIGHT YOU, bank comes complete with bulb, battery and strong key for opening and emptying out your wealth of savings.

. . . BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO HAVE THIS WONDERFUL NEW TELEVISION BANK! SEND NO MONEY! ORDER YOURS TODAY!

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